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Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE.—South side of the Public Square, JASPER, INDIANA.

DR. A. W. BIGHAM,

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HAVING located in Jasper offers his professional services in the practice of medicine and surgery. A large amount of business is given him by the citizens of this locality.

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Attorneys at Law.

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Furniture & Coffins,

A. Schep as the cheapest. Car motto is "Quick sales and small profits." The public patronage respectfully solicited.

MATHIAS OLINGER,

Cor. Ohio & Europe Sts., FERRISAND, IND.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP

WM. GASSER,

North Main Street, opposite the Post Office, JASPER, INDIANA.

HAS built and opened a new shop for all kinds of smith work. His long acquaintance with the citizens of Dubois county, and the well known good character of his work, he trusts will give him a liberal share of patronage. His prices will be made to suit the times.

Repairs shoes and ironing of wagons or buggies promptly attended to.

Wm. GASSER.

November 12th, 1874.—ly

R. BECK'S

LARGE NEW STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER

Fine & Coarse Boots

Shoes, Gaiters, etc

WILL be sold extra cheap. My assortment will be found very full and complete, and prices to suit the times.

Home made work manufactured to order in any style desired.

Give me a call.

R. BECK,

EAST SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE, JASPER, IND.

Oct. 29th, 1875.—ly.

Know Nothingism and Orth.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

Forgiveness is a God-like virtue and can not be too highly commended.

Those who practice it obey the commands of Him who spoke as never man spoke. The direction in His sermon on the mount that "whoever shall smite him on the right cheek, turn to him the other also" is as binding as any other of his commands. But there is a difference between forgiveness and forgetfulness. The one means to pardon or absolve, the other to disregard. Therefore, it is right and proper to forgive the men who inaugurated and prosecuted the war twenty years ago against men of foreign birth and of a particular religion, but their wicked deeds should not be forgotten. They understood the human heart and knew how to play upon the prejudices and passions of the people. They knew the intensity of religious feelings and race antagonism and strove to ride into power by arousing these feelings and antagonisms to their greatest intensity. In those days meetings were held in out of the way places and men obligated to vote against every man of foreign birth or who believed in the Catholic religion. Nay, the obligation went further than this. No man whose wife believed in Catholicism could be the recipient of the votes of these contemnered brothers. They could vote for atheists or a deist, but not for a man who believes the Bishop of Rome to be the head of the church. They might cast their ballots for the liberties, the standard or the flag, provided he was born in the United States, but not for the statesman, the philanthropist or the patriot who first drew breath on foreign soil. These principles, so effectively inculcated in the lodges of the Know Nothings, permeated the people of the whole country and were the cause of much bad feeling, contention and even bloodshed. In Cincinnati the Know Nothing party, under the lead of James D. Taylor, himself the son of an Irishman—finding his candidate for mayor beaten at the polls, took forcible possession of the ballot boxes, broke them to pieces, and scattered the ballots of the people to the winds. At Louisville, Know Nothing bullies took possession of the polls, drove the voters of foreign birth from them, and in doing it killed many men of German and Irish birth, and also killed women and innocent children. At Baltimore the same party inspired by the hatred engendered in their secret convocations, fiercely attacked with clubs and knives every foreigner who had the temerity to approach the polls with a ballot in his hands. The Know Nothing Ping Lilies of Baltimore killed an innocent German for attempting to vote, and, for the offense, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Henry Winter Davis and J. Morrison Harris, the Know Nothing leaders of Baltimore, tried hard to save these men, but thanks to the Spartan firmness of Thomas Holliday Hicks, then governor of Maryland, they had to atone for their crimes with their lives.

The head man in this wicked movement in Indiana was Godlove S. Orth, the Republican candidate for governor. He was the president of the order, and his signature was attached to the charter authorizing the lodges to be formed. As head of the organization in this State, he was responsible for the outrages it committed. He being of German descent made his offense more flagrant, for, in order to become a member of the order, he had to swear enmity against his own kith and kin. His oath was not limited as to duration, and did he now consider it binding, he could not vote for his associate on the ticket who is a candidate for clerk of Supreme Court. But he will expect the Germans, the English, the Scotch and the Irish to vote for him. He once obligated himself by the strongest of oaths, never to vote for a foreigner or a Catholic, or one who had a Catholic wife, but he now expects the men whom he would ostracize and persecute to vote for him! Will they do it? Will any man who believes in the equality of citizenship and in the freedom of religion support such a man for Governor of Indiana? We shall see. The October election will determine it.

For the Jasper Courier.

St. Joseph's Day in Jasper.

Mr. Editor:—With your kind permission I will insert a few remarks regarding the festival of St. Joseph, which occurred on last Sunday, March 19th. The Catholic church of Jasper is under the especial patronage of St. Joseph, as is, likewise, the whole of the Catholic church militant.

This latter dignity was conferred upon him by our present Pope, Pius IX, with the rest of the Catholic Hierarchy in Rome, in conclave assembled, on account of his being deemed worthy of being the foster father of Jesus Christ during his stay on earth.

On this occasion the festival here was graced by the presence of the Very Rev. Abbot Martin, of St. Meinrad's Abbey; likewise by Rev's. Chrysostomus and Hildebrand. The decorations and illumination of the altar were really artistic, and we can congratulate the Rev. Sisters on their taste in its arrangement.

Three masses were read, at the second of which the members of St. Joseph's Society, with many others, partook of the Holy Communion.

At 10 o'clock, Solemn High Mass began, Rev. Chrysostomus officiating, assisted by Rev. Fidelis as Deacon and Rev. Hildebrand as sub-Deacon.

The choir chanted the "Missa Solennis" in a choral manner.

When time for the sermon came, all present were greatly pleased to see the Very Rev. Abbot ascend the pulpit, while the choir sang: "Veni Creator." After reading the Epistle and Gospel, he began a sermon on St. Joseph, taking for his subject the words that adorn the altar—"He ad Joseph." [Go to Joseph]. And, though these words had been spoken, more than four thousand years ago, to the Egyptian people, regarding their Joseph, the son of Jacob, the speaker, nevertheless, on this occasion, did most lucidly and forcibly show his audience, the applicability of the same words to the Catholic world in its present condition, and the exalted position of St. Joseph as a powerful intercessor at the Throne of Omnipotence.

The orator handled his subject with such ease and precision, with such logic and fluency, with such profundity of knowledge, deep research and facility of diction; and, throughout the whole, was governed by the grand secret to oratory—simplicity, so that the most illiterate might easily comprehend, and the most learned might with awe admire the lofty genius and tact of the speaker. It was in all, a masterpiece of literary eloquence, coming from the fountain source of unsophisticated humility. It is useless for me to attempt to portray in appropriate language, the manner in which the speaker clothed his thoughts. He held his audience spell-bound for one and one-half hours, during which time death-like silence ruled supreme on the part of the large audience.

His very instructive discourse being closed, the Mass proceeded, and once more the melodious strains of Rev. Chrysostomus' voice reverberated from the walls, as he melliflously chanted: "Benedicite in nomina Deum." [I believe in one God, etc.]

The forenoon ceremonies ended at 12:30, P. M.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. Vespers began, Rev. Chrysostomus again officiating, assisted by Rev's. Fidelis and Hildebrand. The Vespers being ended, Solemn Benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament, and the scenes of the day closed with the choir's singing the favorite and appropriate German hymn: "Grosser Gott wir loben Dich!" etc. [Great God we praise Thee! etc.]

P. LAWRENCE S.

For the Jasper Courier.

Hog Heaven Items.

Mr. Editor:—As you have never received items from this place please accept the following:

—Farmers are preparing their ground for cultivation, as Spring has again made her beautiful appearance, to the joy of all.

—Miss Maud Miller, the Topeka Antheus, has made a flying trip to this vicinity. We fear her ideas of second love have changed, as we frequently hear her speak of a blue-eyed somebody, and has ceased to sing. "Oh the heart that truly loves, we'll never forget, but will truly love to the close."

—Mr. Chapman is teaching the principles of writing at the Davidson School house, in which all seem well pleased, especially the young ladies, as they seem to admire their teacher, and we can hear them repeat:

"How surely love does win its way To a heart that's ever kind; How pleasantly it holds its sway O'er a pure and noble mind."

—There is quite a disturbance in this neighborhood at present. Every young lady seems broken-hearted, as there is a Camel turned loose in the neighborhood who wears a fifty dollar suit of clothes on his hump—and ever since Miss M. A. G. played off on him, he swears he will never go with another girl, and we hear him sing—

"Oh, loving is a painful thrill, And not to love more painful still; But surely 'tis the worst of pain, To love and ne'er be loved again."

ROSE LEE.

—A story is told of a Gloucestershire peasant's remarkable curse. He had been wrestling for a long time with a very tough piece of oak, which he was endeavoring to split, and at last, unable to make any impression upon it, burst out, "Don't th' pigs that didn't eat thee when thou wast an acorn."

—An enterprising man has bought the exclusive right to sell pop-corn on the Centennial grounds for \$3,000.

The Centennial.

For the Jasper Courier.

Mr. Editor:—As I have been called upon by our Honorable and worthy Governor and Professor E. T. Cox, State Geologist, to do all in my power to see that our County will be represented at the Centennial Exhibition, I do, hereby, call upon the people of this County to see to it, that the Agricultural and Mineral products be duly represented.

We have every reason to believe that this Exhibition will fairly eclipse the English Exhibitions of 1851 and 1861, and that of Paris of late years. All animate and inanimate nature will be represented on the occasion. Life in the ocean, seas, lakes, rivers and streams, on the land, and in the air, will furnish specimens of every thing that walks, creeps, crawls, flies or swims.

Why shall we, of Dubois county alone, lay behind and fail to show to the United States,—yes, to the whole world, the products of our soil, and specimens of the immense mineral wealth which underlies the fertile soil of our county? It is a gratifying feature to know that all will have a chance—the humble as well as the more favored sons of fortune to compete. The honest mechanic, who has perhaps labored a year to bring forth in a visible shape, the creations of his brain, will be afforded as good an opportunity as a wealthy individual, to show to the assembled thousands of his ingenuity.

Fellow-citizens, let us take hold in earnest while we have a chance!

The following is the programme as to quantity and manner of shipping: Grain and seeds grown in the county should be sent in quantity not less than two gallons each, except garden seeds, which may be in smaller quantities—it should be put in cloth sacks. A bundle of good Indiana corn on the stalks, and a good sample of not less than two ears of corn from each township. One sheaf of each kind of small grain, and one of each kind of grass or fodder. All the samples should be accompanied by a label in plain writing, giving grower's name and name of articles; character of land; whether timber or prairie; clay, clay loam, sandy or sandy loam; number of acres cultivated and yield per acre; mode of cultivation, &c. Specimens of wood, showing every variety of growth in the county. Samples should be about six inches long, and cut entirely across the log, to show its greatest diameter. These should be labeled with the common name of the wood, and accompanied with specimens of the fruit or seeds, such as hickorynuts, walnuts, acorns, &c.

Every person having a coal mine in the County, should send a block showing the entire thickness of the bed; also small pieces. Iron ore from each locality should be sent—one stone from each quarry as large as can be shipped; also smaller samples, say 6x12 inches dressed. Flagging stone should be in flags as large as can be mined or shipped on cars. Samples of porcelain clay, fire clay, potters clay, and the ware made from them; stone for making lime, and samples of the lime. Labels should be plainly written, giving locality, thickness of bed or seam, owner's name and any other remarks that may be useful to know. Each specimen, with its label, should be carefully wrapped in paper or straw, and tightly packed in a box or barrel, to prevent its being rubbed or injured by the rough carriage to which it may be subjected. Manufacturers are requested to send specimens of dressed wood used in the construction of their special work, such as wagon hubs, spokes and fellows, ax handles, hammer handles, plow handles, hoe handles, &c. Hoping the above will be complied with.

I remain, your humble servant,

A. J. GOSMANN.

N. R.—All articles should be sent to Professor E. T. Cox, Indianapolis, and should be sent by the 10th of April, 1876.

—The residence of General Gideon Pillow, in Memphis, Tenn., was sold at bankrupt sale, Tuesday. There was no competition in the bidding. The residence, which is probably worth \$8,000, was bought by a gentleman for \$26,000, and the valuable library, by another person, for \$11, and both were presented to Mrs. Pillow.

—A North Carolina negro thought he could outrun a locomotive the other day on the Air Line road, and when he picked himself up, after being thrown twenty feet and landing on his head, he said: "Yer don't ketch dis ver chile doin' dat agin. It's a right smart wonder I didn't tear dese britches clean off."

—The Indiana Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian church will hold a Semi-Centennial meeting at Princeton, on Thursday the 13th of April.

—The outstanding war bonds and county orders, against Ripley county, foot up to the nice round sum of \$34,384 32.—[Ripley County Journal.]

PLYMOUTH'S PAGODA.

For the Jasper Courier.

An Anti Advisory Opinion.

VIEWS OF THE HON. HAYLESS W. HANNA ON THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL, AND KINDRED TOPICS.

The Terre Haute Express gives currency to the following letter written by the Hon. B. W. Hanna concerning the Beecher scandal, from a high pressure Episcopalian standpoint. The letter was "not for publication," but as usual in such cases promptly found its way into print: "Last night, being the Friday lecture or prayer-meeting night in Beecher's church, I went over there. I was all alone, and when I got there in the midst of that vast audience of strangers, I felt still more alone. I wished so often you were with me, for if I had had you there to nudge, and laugh with me it would have been royal fun. As I went in the door with my huge Ulster on, my prodigious locks flowing over my shoulders, I almost vainly enough to imagine that the man who received me was impressed. Contrast, you know, is a powerful agent, and I am sure there was not a man in the house besides myself whose scalp did not look as though just rasped by some barber, the style of the present day, especially in New York and Chicago. My usher was very kind, and led me down the aisle, pretty near the front, not more than six seats back. Just behind the chair I occupied was a huge, grand piano—not an organ. In the main auditorium they are said to have an organ of fabulous dimensions, but in the lecture room they have only a piano. The large room was soon jammed, and all the aisles and approaches filled, CROWDED WITH STANDING MEN AND WOMEN,

young and old. Then pretty soon in came one of the deacons, or elders, with an immense vase of delicate and beautiful cut flowers. White predominated, evidently emblematical of that purity to which morals may aspire under the benign guardianship of the white winged sentinel of innocence, who must never cease to hover over the devoted roof of Plymouth. Soon after the flowers were placed on the table, Beecher followed with Halliday on one side and his brother, Edward Beecher, on the other. Then came Mrs. Beecher, looking very much like the eldest daughter of Methuselah. So there I beheld the great Henry Ward Beecher in all his glory, and on his own dung hill. H. W. H.!

By the way, do you see that his initials are just the reverse of my own B. W. H. I never thought of it before. Flattering discovery. When he was seated, opening his hymn book, with a firm stentorian voice, he simply said, "623"—which he gravely repeated, "623." That I suppose was the number of the hymn. He did not read or "line out." The piano struck the key notes, and the whole congregation sang. The singing was really grand. Everybody sang. Sitting there with my lips sealed, some old weathered face turned around to me compassionately, and with a book opened, on one side of which were the measures, and on the other the notes, which they called the "true book," he said to me, "won't you sing?"

I SHOOK MY HEAD NEGATIVELY.

Presently another man, sitting back of me who evidently had not seen what had occurred between the other man and myself, gave me a hard nudge with the corner of his book, and in a coarse, gruff voice, fairly demanded of me, "join us in praise." I said "no I thank you, for I can't sing a note." Well, I then thought that embarrassment over, but it was not, for just then a lady, not old looking in the face, but with hair as white as wool, carrying a camp stool, or some other sitting device, which she had evidently brought under her arm, and seated herself just next to the end of my seat. She was very fleshy and wheezy, had goggly eyes and a mouth like a Wabash catfish. She saw at once I had no "true book." So looking over her glasses—and she looked like the devil then—her lips quivering with mercurial, religious energy, "Here, sir, take my true book and join with us." So you may imagine by that time I was pretty well subjugated, and I concluded with the grace of God to try my wits a little. I said, "No, madam, I can't sing." "Can't sing?" she replied, quicker than the best modeled Singer sewing machine ever took two stitches. "No, madam, I can not." "That's strange," she suggested, "Why can't you sing?" Well, I had to say something, and so I told her I couldn't read a word. "Can't read! Why

—Who will go us better? There is a woman now living in this town who has been married five times to three different men. She is at present a wife. She was divorced from her first husband and remarried him. Left a widow, she married the second man. He dying, she married the third, was divorced from him, married him again, and is now, for the fifth time, a happy bride.—[Green Bay Standard.]